

This Comfort by Good Morning Hawkins (quodpersortem)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: (not between pairing), Erectile Dysfunction, Fluff, Fuckbuddies To Lovers, Hurt/Comfort, Implied/Referenced Dubious Consent, M/M, Porn With Plot, Porn with Feelings, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD, Sexual Dysfunction

Language: English

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-08-02

Updated: 2018-08-02

Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:20:10

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 6,292

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Billy can't get his dick up, but for some unfathomable reason Steve doesn't seem to mind too much. Or: another fic where Billy has to work through some issues and Steve is there to support him along the way.

This Comfort

Author's Note:

Many thanks to EMILYLAWLESS for beta-reading this :)

Billy's dick has never been a source of trouble before. Jacking off is no issue and he's never had any complaints from the bitches he fucked—but no matter how hard he wants things with Harrington to be like *that*, inconsequential, fun and fast... things are different somehow.

That's a problem.

When he's on top of Billy, rolling his hips down, it works for a little while. He gets hard, gets *hot* —he can feel his face flush and heat radiate off his body. Then the excitement rises and instead of the delicious tightening of pleasure, the pull of muscles in his gut and that achingly sweet release that he can see on Steve's face—Billy's dick goes soft.

The first time it happens he nearly panics, barely managing to keep himself from shoving Harrington off. If he notices at all, he doesn't comment on it. The second time Billy rolls with it even as anxiety rises up his throat. He fakes it; he gasps, closes his eyes, lets his hips stutter and then leaves for the bathroom to “clean up”.

Once there he washes his face and looks at his reflection, then down at his dick, flushed from the recent friction but hanging limp between his legs. And *shit* , he *wants* this—he can feel the arousal still sitting heavy in his gut and he knows that when he gets home in an hour from now he'll have to jack off to keep from going mad. He'll be thinking about smooth skin dotted with freckles and moles that he wants to draw lines between and he'll think about slow sex, the way he *wants* it—slowly rolling his hips down against his mattress instead of Steve's stomach, pretending that he can claim every single inch of him with his own body.

It's not recent, either. He didn't need a kiss to trigger any of these

thoughts, *feelings* —Billy's been fantasizing about this from the moment he saw him walk down the corridor, his arm still slung around Nancy and had felt that fiery jealousy burn in his stomach.

It's just like his mind hasn't caught up with his body. Or the other way around.

No matter how it works, no matter what the fuck this sudden problem is—Billy can feel the shame burn hotter than his arousal.

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It doesn't take long before Steve catches up on the situation.

They're mid-kiss when he pulls back and looks down, his thigh heavy between Billy's and his dick pressing hot and rigid into his hip. "You're not hard."

The statement is simple and quiet, but it feels like a blow to Billy's guts. He wants to deny it, pretend that he *is* hard, but more than that he doesn't want to lie. He's fucking tired of lying and pretending.

"I'm not," he mutters, diverting his eyes from Steve's. His cheeks start to burn and he swallows away the hot prickle of tears—he feels like a fucking *failure*. Billy thinks he should, at the very least, be able to get a boner for someone most of his wet dreams are about—the few Tom Cruise ones be damned.

Steve hums, furrowing his brow before shifting so his leg is gone from between Billy's—he feels cold without another body pushed up to him. It doesn't help settle the panic much, either. He can imagine Steve deciding that this isn't fucking worth it—that he can do better and move on to someone prettier, better, more *functional*. He doesn't blame him, either.

Instead he kisses Billy, briefly pushing their lips together and right away his heart jumps in his chest. "What's wrong?"

"I don't fucking know, *nothing*," Billy grumbles, moving to sit up against the headboard and grabbing one of the fancy decorative pillows, throwing it into his lap and resting his arms on it. He can't bear the look of sheer *pity* Harrington is directing at his pathetic dick.

“I just. Can’t.”

It’s not *nothing* , of course. He’s dreamed about getting it on with a guy for years and now he’s got the opportunity, he’s struck by this bullshit. Nerves, maybe, although the flutter in his chest whenever he sees Steve is kind of nice, and definitely not horrible.

He sits up next to Billy, pushing their shoulders together. “C’mon,” he says. “It wasn’t an issue last week, was it?” Billy looks at him and he can’t say *no it wasn’t* , finds his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, dry and awful. “Did you cum last week? I thought you did?”

Billy shakes his head, and he can see Steve getting ready to take the blame for not seeing it. Less than feeling embarrassed, he doesn’t want that to happen. It’s weird, fucked-up, but he wants Steve to feel good.

“I faked it,” he confesses. “I’m—shit, I’m sorry. I just wanted to show that it felt *good* , make you happy... I just—” he shrugs helplessly. “Couldn’t.”

“Have you been with anybody before?” he asks Billy. There’s still no anger or resentment, none of the emotions Billy can feel toil inside his own stomach. He’s only looking hurt at what Billy said about faking it and he knows that’s nothing but reasonable.

“Some girls,” he shrugs. “Couple of ‘em in Cali. One or two here.”

“So, is it that I’m a boy?” Steve asks. Now he does look more scared, like it’s his fault he happens to have a dick.

Billy shakes his head. “No, I—shit, I like boys better, man. And you’re hot—fucking hell, I actually *wanna* fuck you, those girls were just... filler. I don’t know. I just—I can’t.” He pulls the pillow away and gestures at his limp dick, sad and unsatisfied and never more a source of frustration than it is now. He’d thought that realizing he was gay was bad, the moment he’d been on top of a girl and figured out that wasn’t really what he wanted, followed by the moment he watched the Outsiders and figured out what he *did* want. This is infinitely worse. At least back then he came—at least everything *worked* . Fuck.

Steve pulls him close, his arm around his waist as he kisses his neck. "But, like, that means you *are* into me, right?"

"Jesus, Harrington," Billy complains, sliding his hand over Steve's. The flutter is back in his chest because it's all pretty sweet, really, and he finds that he likes being treated this way. "When I'm alone I can't keep my hand off my dick thinking about you. This is bullshit."

Steve hums smugly and mutters, "At least we know it's not a physical thing, that's good. You should definitely tell me more about what you do when you're alone, though." He seems into the idea and Billy could, *would*, just not right now.

"It's so fucking frustrating—I just—it's *useless*."

He doesn't push Steve away but it's tempting, even as he puts a finger under Billy's chin to turn his face. "I'm not just doing this for your dick, you know?" he says, kissing Billy. "There's more to this than that—and it'd be awesome but like—I don't need your dick to be happy."

Billy can't stop the laugh tickling its way up his throat. "No, you just need *yours* to be."

There's more behind their words and actions, unspoken truths that Billy knows exist between them—he's aware that this isn't *only* convenience. He knows that that's why Steve isn't running away from him, calling it quits. And it's in the way Billy dreams about him at night, the way they seem to keep finding each other. And most of all, he can feel the breath rush from his lungs whenever he sees Steve, which has nothing to do with the way his jeans show off his bulge or the way his shirt hugs his shoulders.

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Billy's little problem doesn't mean they can't fuck.

He blows Steve, gets down on his knees and his body responds until Steve pulls him up—until he feels that surge of heat, inspired by Steve's hands, and his dick stops working.

He gets fucked, even, because although he's not able to cum or stay

hard while they do it, Billy craves the intimacy of it. They both do. It's difficult somehow, not at all what he expected—the way Steve's hands are comforting and gentle and try to show him that there's no need to be ashamed. Billy keeps thinking that maybe *he* should be the one to withdraw from whatever-this-is first, protect himself and give Steve a shot at a better life--at a partner who isn't too fucked up by his past to get it up. He can't, though, because it's not just fucking anymore and he's starting to realize it never really was, and quitting this thing would feel too much like breaking up.

Steve tries hard in other ways too—once, he strokes Billy's dick for nearly an hour, until Billy forces him to stop. Time and again Steve kisses wet trails down Billy's body, teasing and trying and then trying not to show his disappointment when Billy half-hard dick softens in his hand.

Instead Billy gets off to the slick between his legs when he's alone, fills himself with his fingers like Steve's dick had just a few hours earlier and comes harder than he has in his life.

It leaves a bitter aftertaste on his tongue—all he wants is Steve to blow out his brain, to fuck him senseless—he doesn't want to do this on his own just so he's not blue-balling it in school tomorrow. He wants it quick and slow and at this point it doesn't matter which they get to do first--he just wants to have sex with Steve.

Most of all, though, Billy doesn't want to feel like a burden on Steve. It's cool that he accepts it, that he holds Billy's hand when they're having sex and it's too much again, but in the end he feels like a useless partner, nonfunctional while it's the first time he feels like he might want to commit to a relationship.

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They're naked.

The weather is prematurely hot and Billy can feel Steve's hands are clammier than usual. His dick presses hard against his side, but he's taking it slow, with one leg thrown across Billy's thighs, barely brushing Billy's own semi. He kisses Billy's jaw, his cheek, strokes a hand up and down his chest and toys with the pendant of his

necklace.

It's slow, it's nice. Billy can't focus on any of it. He's realized that he needs to tell Steve somehow and he doesn't know when else because he isn't *good* at talking, not when it's about emotions or memories. Then the words come tumbling from his lips. "I only fucked those girls because— *fuck* , because my dad made me."

Steve stops the slow grind of his hips, pushing himself up so he can look at Billy. "What?"

"The girls I fucked," Billy swallows, his mouth too dry, his tongue feels like it's stuck to the roof with cement until he takes another deep breath. "Dad made me."

"Your dad forced you?" Steve repeats.

Billy nods. "Kinda. He thought—I think he suspected something. Wanted me to prove I wasn't a fag, so I did."

He hadn't realized how fucked-up that would sound until the words are out.

"Shit," Steve mutters. When he wants to shift off Billy, Billy grabs him. He *needs* Steve there—his weight keeping Billy grounded, pushed into the mattress. It helps him ignore the sour anxiety threatening to bubble up from his stomach, lets him swallow it away.

"The girls all—they wanted it. It was *fine* ," Billy tells Steve, although he doesn't think it was. The girls weren't the only people involved, after all, and that sick and sinking feeling is still there.

"I'm sorry," Steve mutters into Billy's skin, pressing a kiss to his jugular. "He shouldn't—he shouldn't have done that. That's disgusting." His hand finds Billy's; he entwines their fingers and rubs soothing circles into Billy's skin.

"I want, Steve," Billy chokes out. "I wanna be with you—I think—that's why it's different. Fuck. I *want you* and it just, my body locks up, I want to..." He sighs, turning to Steve and seeking out his mouth. He needs to kiss him, taste him, and Steve lets him. He kisses Billy back, tucks his hair behind his ear and combs his fingers

through it, settling the mess of emotions in Billy's stomach just like that. Easy and calm, no effort needed—it is his touch that Billy loses himself in.

“So,” Steve finally mumbles against Billy's lips. “It's a you maybe being *too* into me thing? Not a not being into me thing?”

Billy still has his eyes closed but he can hear the smugness creep into Steve's voice now his worries have been quelled. He doesn't blame him—it's true.

“Yeah, that's what it is,” he says. His voice croaks and he hates it.

He can feel Steve nod, his hair gently brushing Billy's face as he leans in for another kiss.

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About a week later, they're on the couch and Steve blurts out, “I've been thinking and—I can't imagine what it'd be like, you know?”

“What?” Billy asks. He's a little hungover and more than a little sleepy—and he'd been enjoying Steve's hands massaging his feet, Steve's cat Cooper purring on his chest.

“I drank too much once,” Steve says. “Well, not once—but like, fuck. Okay, so I had a girlfriend, I took her home after a party and I had whiskey dick.”

Billy looks at Steve, who's staring at his hands on Billy's feet.

“Couldn't get it up, man. That fucking sucked.” Steve sighs, his shoulders sagging a little.

The intention's good, but it's still a horrible thing to hear. This doesn't just *suck*, it's not a once-off thing. Billy feels *broken*, and he doesn't want to be. He's felt broken for too long already.

“You're right, Harrington,” he says, pulling his legs from Steve's lap. Anger rises in his chest and Cooper jumps onto the floor and runs off, dissatisfied with the lack of attention. “It's fucking permanent whiskey dick, okay?”

He slips on his shoes, gets up from the couch but Steve grabs his arm and keeps him from leaving.

“I didn’t mean—you *know* I’m a fucking idiot with this kind of shit, Billy,” Steve says, and that just makes Billy angrier. He takes a deep breath in, flaring his nostrils. Then another, trying to quiet his rage. Steve’s looking worried now, shaking his head. “I didn’t mean it like that.”

“I know you didn’t,” Billy snaps, and he hates that it doesn’t help dissipate his anger.

Steve’s not intimidated in the least, and it makes Billy want to punch him more. Then he thinks of Steve’s face as a bloody mess, the way it had been after that one night, and finally feels the shame settle in, lets it take over once more. It leaves him feeling tired and empty, a hollow shell. He still decides he can’t be here, not if he doesn’t want to lash out at Steve again in five minutes.

“I need to go home,” he sighs at last, and Steve smiles goofily, awkwardly. It’s a lie, but he doesn’t know what else to say.

“Let me hug you before you go, yeah?” Steve asks, cocking his head. “Can’t have you leave like that.”

Even though his dad’s words reverberate in that— *apologize before you leave, Billy, never say goodbye with a fight unresolved, do it now, say sorry to Susan, say it to Max, me, say it, say, say--* Billy steps closer. It’s Steve who wraps his arms around Billy and he doesn’t like to succumb to sadness but the tears do come then, smearing wet across his cheeks and into Steve’s shirt. Steve doesn’t seem to mind—he pats Billy’s back, strokes it, keeps him in his arms. The moment feels endless, and Steve doesn’t rip Billy out of it—he’s gentle still. Kisses his flustered cheek, then his forehead, before stepping back a little.

Steve doesn’t force him to say sorry like his dad would.

Billy says it anyway.

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“Maybe I should just kiss you, without touching...”

The proposal comes mid-necking. One moment they're hot and heavy, making out on Steve's bed, and the next moment Billy is frowning down at Steve, contemplating his words.

"Wait—what? Why?"

Steve shrugs. "You're into this, maybe you could like... Actually get hard if it's just this. You touching yourself. Trick your body into thinking you're jerking off."

"You want me to jack off now?" Billy mutters, feeling the heat surge in his stomach. He can feel the rush of blood to his dick and he shifts a little—needs to adjust and then smiles at the idea because something about this seems to work.

"Maybe," Steve mutters. "Yeah. Why not?"

Billy nods, pulling him in for another kiss. His hands don't travel lower than the waistband of his jeans and for the first time he can feel his dick fill up until he's hard in his jeans—and then he's aching for more. Steve's kisses send a thrill down his spine, the featherlight brushes of his fingers are enough to let Billy tremble under his hands.

It feels a like a God-given miracle, confirmation that he's into this—and it's wonderful. It doesn't take much for Billy to slide his hand over his crotch, to feel the hard ridge of his cock in his jeans and gasp as he squeezes.

Steve notices, shifting a little—his hand pushes up Billy's shirt a bit until he can slip under it. He rubs his fingers across Billy's rib cage and his nipples, squeezing as Billy fumbles to get his jeans unbuttoned.

He slides his hand in, sighing again and shifting a bit as he pulls his dick from the fly. Sweet relief hovers on the horizon, close enough that he can nearly taste it as he starts to stroke himself. Steve is still kissing him, hot and tender, stroking Billy's chest as he moves faster before deciding to lift his hips and shove his jeans down.

Steve pulls back to glance down and he groans, his breath hot against Billy's cheek. "That's so hot," he mutters and then his hand is trailing

down, coming to rest on Billy's thigh.

It sends Billy's heart into overdrive, and he tries to focus on how good it feels but he can already feel his erection start to flag. He closes his eyes and pretends he's alone, jacking off, he pretends that he's only imagining Steve's hand on his thigh, but it's not working.

His dick softens in his hand, and it's enough for Billy to grunt a frustrated "*fuck* " as he lets go of himself.

Steve stops moving, withdrawing his hand from Billy's thigh.

"Was that me?" he asks Billy, pouting.

Billy shrugs his shoulders, relaxing back on the bed and looking down at himself. He looks pathetic, the head of his soft dick still poking up from the waistband of his underwear.

He doesn't want to say *yes, Steve, it was you* and be mean about it. He doesn't want to say *I think I get too excited* . And he doesn't want to say that this bullshit makes him want to cry like a goddamn little kid, except it does.

"Hey," Steve mutters, pulling him in and kissing him. "C'mon," he whispers. "It's okay, we'll figure it out."

Steve tucks Billy's flaccid dick back into his underwear and buttons his jeans, stroking his hand across the fabric before sitting up.

"Let's go get ice cream. I think mom's left a couple of tubs in the freezer."

"Fine," Billy grumbles, swallowing against the tightness in his throat.

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Billy can still taste Steve's spunk when Steve says, "Let me give you a blowjob."

He snorts as he crawls back up the bed, kissing Steve. "I'd let you if I was able to get it up, asshole." There's no real heat behind his words, although Steve miraculously forgetting about Billy's issue stings.

Steve smiles and shakes his head, carding his fingers through Billy's hair, brushing it off his forehead. "Technically a blow job is just me putting my mouth on your dick, right?"

"Sure," Billy agrees. Steve's fingers in his hair feels good and it is the moments like these that Billy thinks, maybe, they will last.

"So," Steve mutters, pulling him close and sliding his hand down over Billy's ass. "Let me do that?"

It takes a moment before the words sink in. When it does, Billy snorts in a feeble attempt to hide his laughter because it's weird as hell and kinda sweet in that way only Steve can be. "While I'm soft, Harrington? Jesus, you *are* a freak, aren't you?"

Steve laughs and kisses his shoulder. "So what if I am? I just want to do for you what you've done for me."

His eyes are big and brown when he looks at Billy again; they sparkle mischievously like he knows Billy is going to say yes because Billy *can't* say no to him. He can feel the surge of butterflies in his stomach and ignores them in favour of rolling his eyes and pulling Steve in for another deep kiss.

"Okay," he says when they break apart. "Okay, I'll let you—but I swear to god, if you make this weird—"

Steve laughs, hiding his smile against Billy's skin. "I won't," he promises. "Not any weirder than it already is."

He takes his time kissing Billy's body. Billy watches, feels shivers run down his spine even though his dick isn't hard. It's not erotic arousal but something else—something deeper, a kind of immense intimacy he feels to Steve because there's no ultimate goal to what he is doing.

Billy can feel his breath hitch as Steve kisses across his stomach, the soft brush of his hair accompanying his warm lips and scratchy jaw; the sensation on his skin is sensitive and ticklish. He squirms a little and Steve's hands brush across his hips, keeping him pressed down into the mattress.

He brushes his fingers through Steve's hair so he can see his face, feel

the softness of Steve's hair and the gentle heat of his skull. There's a realness to him, anchored in the present, that frustrates—but grounds—Billy like nothing else. Steve's eyes are closed and he looks happy, as glad to be in this moment as Billy is.

Steve kisses the jut of his hip and follows up with the gentle scratch of teeth. He sucks but not hard enough to leave more than a little red mark that shines when he moves to Billy's thighs. He spreads them and kisses the skin dusted with golden hairs, brightly reflecting light and contrasting Steve's brown hair. Billy can see his fingers shake when he moves them from Steve's hair to his brow.

Steve's eyes pop open and he looks up at Billy. "You want me to stop?"

Billy shakes his head and smiles. *I love you* pops up in his head and he inhales shakily. "It's good," he tells Steve. "Um. It feels good." *Thank you* .

Steve returns the smile and then Billy can feel his breath hot and damp on his dick. It still feels strange to be doing this—wrong somehow, like this kind of mouth-to-cock contact should be limited only to when he's hard. And yet he's curious, yet it feels *nice* .

His tongue is gentle and warm, the wet heat sending another shiver up Billy's spine. He can feel heat stir in his stomach, although it doesn't progress beyond that even as Steve keeps licking at the head—then pushing Billy's dick up against his stomach and carefully keeps it there with two fingers. He buries his nose in the coarse hairs at the base. Billy can see him inhale and he bites back a whimper himself; he knows he'll be fantasizing about this for a long time to come.

Steve can't give him a traditional blowjob, but he closes his mouth around Billy's dick, taking care to cover his teeth with his mouth. He watches for a while and then closes his eyes, relaxing into the feeling. It makes his entire body feel warm and fuzzy, calm and relaxed—and that means his dick swells slowly until he's half hard on Steve's tongue. Steve still doesn't move his head—he just keeps his hands on Billy. His thumbs fit perfectly in the juts of his hips and when he strokes his hand down Billy's thigh it just increases the *warmth* he's

feeling—a sensation opposite-but-not-entirely of arousal but comparable to sunshine.

He doesn't know how much time passes before it gets uncomfortable. Feeling wet and sticky and uncomfortable with the slowly fading pleasure he looks down.

The ridicule of the situation strikes him like a ton of bricks—Steve between his legs, with Billy's mostly-soft cock dick in his mouth and his hair still a post-sex mess.

It forces a laugh from his stomach as he strokes his hand through Steve's hair again. "Shit, I'm sorry," he says as Steve pulls off, looking confused. "It just got weird—I don't know—"

Steve huffs. "It already *was* weird, asshole."

They're quiet for a moment. It's awkward and tense and somehow weirder *now*, and then Steve clambers up the bed to lie down next to Billy.

He stares at him and Billy stares back. He doesn't know what to say; all he knows is that he's suddenly motivated to get the fuck out of dodge. He must have scrunched up his face because Steve smiles and drags his fingers across Billy's frown.

"Wanna eat something?" he asks, breaking the ice—not for the first time.

"Yeah," Billy says, relieved. "Yeah, sounds good."

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It's a surprise when Steve pulls Billy into one of the school's toilet cubicles.

"I can't wait 'till tonight," he mutters in Billy's ear, pushing their bodies together. Steve's hot and heavy, dragging his mouth across the pulse in Billy's neck.

"What the fuck," Billy mutters, trying to push him off. It's too early to slip down to his knees and give Steve a blow job. "Steve—"

“No, listen,” he mutters, whines. “I didn’t jack off yesterday. I know you didn’t. Shit, Billy, did you?”

Billy remembers Steve coming up to him, two days ago, with a glint in his eyes. *A little plan*, he’d said. *To get you to come for me*. He hadn’t thought Steve would be playing along but Billy listened to him regardless. Maybe this is better because the mere thought sends a prickle of heat down his neck.

“I didn’t,” he mutters, turning into Steve’s mouth. “What is this about?”

“We’ll be alone tonight,” Steve groans, pushing his hips against Billy’s—and Billy can feel his dick, hard against his hip. Looking down, he can see the outline, and that sends a rush of blood down to his own cock.

Billy smiles and drags him closer for another kiss. This time, he cups Steve’s ass with both hands, squeezing and pulling him close enough that they lose balance, thumping against the cubicle wall before Billy laughs and Steve groans in frustration.

When he pulls back from Billy, he’s flushed and looking frustrated. It’s endearing, even when he reaches down to cup Billy’s hard dick. He can feel himself flag a little—but knowing that they can’t, they *won’t* do anything about his dick *right now* helps.

After Steve steps away, dragging his lips along Billy’s jaw one last time, he can still feel the arousal flow through his veins. Those few days of abstinence help too, and if it hadn’t been for a good cause he would have stayed behind in the toilets and rubbed one out real quick.

Instead he makes his way to first period and wonders what else Steve has in mind.

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Whenever they pass each other, Steve winks at him. He still looks flushed, ready to push Billy up against a wall, but he refrains from anything too obvious.

Instead he presses a bit too close during basketball practise, putting his hand on Billy's hip or side when he's standing in the way. Billy retaliates, stroking his fingers down Steve's clammy shirt and thinking about pushing him into the sheets, grinding their hips together until he's coming all over his stomach.

"Billy!" Tommy shouts. "What the fuck is wrong with you, man?"

"Nothing!" Billy screams back as he shakes off the fantasy. "I'm right here, c'mon, let's beat these suckers."

Steve's one of the *suckers* , and their eyes meet briefly before Billy runs off. He's still sweating, feeling too warm, too fucking hot.

The feeling doesn't subside when they're in the showers. Billy lingers behind the other guys during the mad dash for the showers, willing his dick to settle down. He needs to think of something, *anything* that turns him off. Anything that will allow him to go in there without the jeers and jest of other teenage boys—or Steve's heady gaze.

He can't bring himself to touch his dick when he's in the shower, only popping in and out to wash his hair and armpits. There's something about today, the exquisite extended torture of Steve teasing him, that sets him on edge and drives him to urgency. All he can think is *need to see Steve, gotta see Steve now* .

When he gets dressed his jeans are rough against his barely-dry skin. It's enough to fill his dick and he turns to the wall so he can press the palm of his hand over the bulge, groaning with the temporary relief.

When he finally gets into his car, the beemer isn't in the parking lot anymore. Instead Billy drives straight to the Harrington residence, wound tight in a way he hasn't been in a long time—so horny that there are no nervous jitters in his stomach now. Billy is pretty sure that a fresh breeze of air could set him off at this point, that undressing might be too much, so he's sure that being with Steve should work too.

Last time, he pushed Steve up against a wall and kissed him before losing his boner.

This time Billy barely allows him to close the front door before he's all over him. He's still hard, all over him—and there's no need to perform and he knows he'll make Steve feel good, but *damn* . He wants to get off, he wants to rub his dick against Steve's, wants to get sucked off or fuck until he's moaning with pleasure.

"Fuck," Steve mutters, stroking gentle fingers through Billy's hair. They're both panting, staring at each other. "You're so fucking hard, aren't you?"

"Ever stating the obvious, babe," Billy gasps. He arches his back when Steve reaches down to squeeze his ass and thinks about Steve fucking him senseless, about being on his hands and knees and spilling all over those soft, expensive sheets.

Steve guides him upstairs, their fingers entwined. Billy's mouth is dry and he tries to swallow against it but it doesn't help—water wouldn't, either. Only one thing can quench this thirst and he thinks he's finally about to get it.

When Steve undresses Billy he keeps his hands away from his cock, instead skirting tentative fingers across his shoulders and chest. He kisses his neck and jaw, standing behind him—Billy can feel the tip of Steve's dick brush his skin before he steps back again.

The sheets feel rough against his skin when he lies down, he's already feeling overheated. He hasn't jacked off in three days and his dick is rock hard—when he closes his fingers around the throbbing skin he gasps and arches back.

"Yeah, like that," Steve mumbles, joining him on the bed and kissing his lips.

"Ngh," Billy groans. He's going out of his mind and all he can think is *it works it works* . His body is aching for release and it doesn't take long for the blissful pleasure to grow in his belly, the coil tightening in anticipation.

Most of all, he feels safe. In the moment—right there, alongside Steve. His thoughts have congealed to a jumbled focus on *pleasure* and he stretches his legs, feels his feet rub across the fresh cotton

sheets. He turns to Steve to kiss him again and he can feel the precum that dribbles from his dick slick up the glide.

“Fuck,” he mutters against Steve’s lips.

“Feels good?” Steve mutters and Billy nods.

“So- *oh* good,” he groans, angling his jaw up for more kissing.

Steve’s fingers flit across his ribs, pressing down just firm enough to not be ticklish. Billy keeps his rhythm slow, easy, because he doesn’t want to push himself too far too fast again.

He wants more of Steve—wants to feel his body and his dick, but he knows he can’t go for that. It’d be too much, so instead he pretends he’s got all that—loses himself in fantasy, aided by Steve by his side.

Steve alternates between kissing Billy’s mouth and his neck, pressing wet kisses down his jawline. He licks the sweaty skin of Billy’s neck before blowing cool air across it until Billy shivers, his hips bucking up into his hands as he can feel more precum bubble up from the slit.

His balls feel heavy and if he’d been more relaxed, he thinks he’d have cum by now. He would have if he’d been alone. Instead he keeps stroking his cock, careful to take it slow, teasing himself towards completion. He rubs a single finger against his frenulum, until his dick twitches and he needs a moment to catch his breath.

He can feel his heartbeat in his lips and his dick and his fingers, in his skin when Steve closes his mouth over his clavicle, gently biting down before sucking a hickey into his skin. He takes his time, the gentle pain and mark of possession amplifying Billy’s pleasure.

Billy is soaring. Sweating, sweltering as the burning coil of muscle inside him winds tighter and tighter. He draws his legs up, pushing his feet into the mattress so he can push his hips up in a bid to get himself to snap. It’s almost painful but *not quite* —it’s like teasing himself without needing to actively stop himself from coming because his body’s doing that for him.

And he *wants* to—whimpers fall from his lips, unbidden, and he turns to look to Steve because he’s desperate for it now.

Steve's eyes are big and darker than usual and Billy hasn't seen him this flushed before. His lips are wet and red as he licks them and for a moment Billy imagines Steve's mouth around his cock, remembering that time Steve sucked his dick. The memory nearly tips him over the edge and he's reduced to a shivering, trembling mess. His tongue would be cool against Billy's hot skin, gentler than his fingers, but it's not yet enough, not yet, fuck—

And then Steve smiles, leaning in to kiss Billy before whispering in his ear—with his lips brushing the shell—"Come for me, babe."

That's what does it, hurtling Billy into the abyss.

He moans, shocked by the sound as he reaches for Steve with his free hand. His breath is knocked out of him by the explosive pleasure and Steve holds him as Billy comes across his stomach—his muscles clench so hard that he can feel some of it land on his chest, his hips pushing up in time as he rides out his orgasm. The rhythmic tightening feels like it goes on forever, and even when he's eased back onto the bed his dick is still twitching with the last aftershock, pushing out feeble drops of cum.

"Fuck," he mutters, looking at Steve. "*Fuck*," and then he's smiling and then he's *laughing*.

The tension he hadn't realized was constricting something in his chest eases up and he can breathe more freely as he pulls in Steve for another kiss, pulls him on top. He can feel Steve's dick rub against his stomach, sliding in Billy's cum.

He's feeling giddy and relaxed, and this time when Steve comes, adding to the mess on Billy's stomach, he doesn't feel jealous or frustrated. He feels closer to Steve, dragging his finger through the mess and licking it clean, because he wants to.

Steve kisses his cheek and smiles, telling him, "I'll go grab a washcloth."

Billy leans back and relaxes; he keeps his eyes closed as he lets Steve wipe the mess from his abs.

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It gets easier after that.

Some days, Billy still feels too keyed up to do anything. Other times he thinks it's not going to work but Steve's hand stroking down his back is enough to drag him back to the present. He'll take a step back and slow down and he's fine again.

More than that, knowing that he can come when he's with Steve has settled that nagging worry in the pit of his stomach. It relaxes him, takes away the feeling of being *broken* even when he doesn't come or it takes a while.

In a way it's the intimacy that makes Billy feel whole, complete, Steve's kisses and warm body pushing him into the sheets.

He doesn't say it—he can't, not yet, although he's not sure he needs to—Billy thinks that this is what *love* is.